

The Lomond Press

VOL. 2. NO 2.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

Letters From J. L. Haight

When I came up here they put me on "Avros" these are a very pleasant nifty, tractor byplane equipped with a "Rotary Engine" i. e. a type which revolves around a crankshaft which is stationary, the propellor is attached to cylinders by means of a nose plate the speed of rotation is from 1100 to 1250 revolution per minute. The machine is very delicate to control being sufficient and it is said that once you can fly an "Avro" perfectly you can fly any machine. Their air speed is from 60 to 75 miles per hour and any amount of "stunting" can be done such as "looping" "Immelman turns" side slipping "stalls" (spinning nose divs) Vertical Banks, side looping, and rolling wing tip over wing tip. I have done most of the above stunts except side loop and rolling both of which require very skillful engine handling. However I don't aim to become a "stunt pilot" I only practice these things to become a master of the machine; and at a height which is safe I have shown up so well that I am being recommended for scouts after graduating here. After putting in about 20 hours on "Avros" (Avros are an instructional machines and are not used at the front for any purpose.) I was put on Sopwith fighting machine. This is a fighting machine, a two seater, pilot in front observer seat behind. It flies about 90 miles per hour, is perfectly easy to fly while in air but requires great care and judgement in "taking off" and "landing." I went for my first solo on them last night and on coming down got a compliment from our Major who said, "You made a jolly good show." This morning I flew over to Coventry, a neighboring Aerodrome, and back again when I got back to our landing ground the weather was rather rough and I had some difficulty in landing making three attempts, the third being quite successful but in flying around the Aerodrome attempting to land I did some very steep turns and spirals and, which put the "wind up" the onlookers one who happened to be the Major, so when I got down he came over and balled me out for doing such steep turns close to the ground and said that I should have at least 15 hours experience in Sopwiths before making a show like that. I must admit that I did try to show off a bit because I was peeved at having to make three attempts at one landing. On my first attempt to land there was quite a crowd drawn from the sheds to watch me "crash" because they knew it was my second solo. The second time I came around I saw numberless people staring at me all around the Aerodrome so I didn't want to have them look for nothing and did a real exhibition of landing and landed as gently as a bird much to the disappointment of all who were getting ready to carry in the corpse and gather up the fragments.

Lomond Fair, August 28th "Do Your Bit"

What are you going to do towards making the Lomond Fair a success? The directors have done their part and the weather man was all that interferred towards the success on the original. It noonly remains for the public to take hold and show their appreciation to a worthy object.

Remember, it is the same prize list. The same entry forms in live stock will be effective and a good many more men have signified their intention to bring exhibits that had not intended to come the original time.

Scatter the news broadcast and bring a good crowd together.

The executive has raised the prize on the free-for-all race so as to encourage the entry of a good many horses that come from a distance. There are four or five outside entries practically assured.

Flying has done one thing for me and that is I have found out that my nerves are excellent and no time can I do better work than when my skin depends on coolness. It was always that way with me in sport. The greater the stress of circumstances the cooler I would be, I was quite doubtful of myself though, how I would be in the air, and now am quite satisfied with the experiences which I have gone through so far, and am confident that I can think and act as quickly as the average anyway.

We had an R. F. C. sports day here on the 20th of June which was quite a success. An immense crowd turned up in spite of the fact that it threatened rain about the time of commencement. Unlike our sports there was no big game featuring the meet but stunt flying was the chief attraction for the populace. The sports were races of all kinds, tug-o-war between the different squadrons in the wing, jumping of all kinds, putting the shot and throwing the cricket ball.

The officers had races of their own and these were races of all kinds. I was first in sack race, third in 100 yard dash and second in half mile race. Throwing the cricket ball was rather amusing to me and after the through had been made by the mechanic I picked the ball up from where it had bounced and threw it away over the heads of the throwing at the other end much to their astonishment. Putting the shot was rather poor considering what fine specimens some of them appeared to be as I could beat their best throw by a foot. There was a splendid band in attendance a cinema machine which ground away all afternoon. The daily papers from London had their camera men on the scene also, although I had a very enjoyable afternoon. Last night when I was in Birmingham I saw a moving picture show and behold they were running our sports pictures so I had a chance to see it all over again, also to see myself in action in the 100 yard dash and sack race.

LOCALETS

N. M. Jensen is holding an auction sale of his farm stock and furniture on Saturday, Aug. 25th on the Recor homestead four miles west of town.

T. Farrand has purchased N. T. Owen's residence and will move it to a lot north of Spiller's store building. Mr. Owens is moving into the new station quarters.

The section men have been good enough to dump a few wheelbarrow loads of cinders on the bad crossing the Press was commenting about a few weeks ago.

Having had occasion to take a spin over the newly graded east road this week, we can truly state that the people from that direction can have little kick on the Lomond trail at present. Some of the grades might have been cut a little more, but perfection cannot hope to prevail in its entirety all in one summer.

I have got along quite well this week which, however, has been a poor week for flying as it has rained and blew hard most of the time. I had a new experience the other day and that is flying in a cloud. When you get into a cloud the only thing that can be seen is your machine and you have no means of telling whether you are up side down, sick slipping tail diving or what is happening. The only means of judging what is taking place is by your compass which gives you direction and your air speed indicator which shows your speed. It is a most difficult thing to fly by this means alone as while in clouds you are bumped around to such an extent that it is impossible to steer by the compass the tendency being to over correct the swinging of the compass there by causing side slipping. Then again you have no means of knowing whether you are flying level laterly so suddenly you find your speed indicator showing a high rate of speed you try to correct this by the elevators and find they won't act, next you try your rudder which become an elevator when the machine is "banked." and this may help some but by this time you generally have a big wind up and you are literally bumped around until you lose enough altitude to come out below the cloud again or emerge on the top side. Once this is obtained you can easily right the machine again but you can have my word for it being a most uncanny feeling. Something like walking on the edge of a precipice an inky black night. You feel as if detached from the machine, and it no longer answers to your will there you hang in space not knowing which is up or down, right or left, east or west, north or south. Once above the cloud the scenery is beautiful the

(Continued on Page 4)

TRAVERS

The new Pool Hall is going up rapidly, already the sides and one end and the floor joice are up.

Mr. Erickson has up a nice new barn which makes him a new complete set of farm buildings.

Among the Calgary visitors this week were H. Ulrick, Steve Helpin, Mr. Broadley and Mr. Lawrence.

Mrs. Dufty and children, of Lomond, were week end visitors at Jerry Rickett home.

The Hastings have finished Mr. Haley's residence so as to be ready for the plasters.

Mr. Naismith has traded his Ford to Elmer Jones for a large brown car of seven passenger capacity.

Mr. Ulrick and Mr. Lacy were Champion callers on Monpay.

Mr. Evans, the mason contractor, was called to Calgary by the illness of his sister.

Not many attended the free dance at Enchant Monday night owing to the rain storm.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Jones are spending the vacation at the farm during harvest.

Guy McCann and sister, Mrs. Bruce were Lethbridge shoppers Saturday.

A bond inspector was here last week.

A great many have been out to Grays to see six binders at work in ode field drawn by an engine they cut one hundred and sixty acres a day and have quite a few days cutting yet to do.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Buchan motored to Lethbridge Sunday, returning Monday.

Mr. Henry Barnett and sons are building a nice large house on their farm.

Miss Childs, the postmistress has gone for a two weeks vacation at Elko B. C.

The Ladies Aid have changed their meeting date from the 22nd to the 31st.

Mrs. Bray has gone to the coast for a few weeks recreation and to visit friends.

A few are done cutting wheat

Ye Old Time Quilting Bee!

The Ladies Aid Society will hold a quilting bee in the U. F. A. Hall, Friday afternoon, Aug. 31st, from two to six, a special feature will be the picnic supper for the occasion. All ladies are cordially invited to bring thimbles and enjoy a social rfternoon. Admission: Two cents for each letter in a persons name, children (over three) one cent a letter. Gentlemen are invited to supper, their tax being three cents a letter. Supper at five o'clock.

Lightening struck a shock of wheat in Mr. Sheridans field and set fire to it and was close enough to knock Boyd off the binder but the rain soon distinguished the fire without any further damage.

The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, AUGUST 17, 1917

Thoughtlessness

Last Sunday was one of the few occasions the writer has taken the advantage of church services and then in Vulcan to hear the famous scientist, Dr. Carpenter. The first part of the service and address was practically spoiled by a thoughtless individual tuning up a racing car in a lot at the rear of the church. This along with other evidence of selfishness has led to comment on the self-centered vision some humans must have. It would almost appear that some people think that their own little car, their own little farm, their own little store or office, was about the only item of importance in this world. The chances are Vulcan would progress just as rapidly without that particular racing car--in fact the owner is endeavoring to raffle it off. The least we can do in a free country is to be considerate of one another. This costs nothing and from it emanates a feeling of good fellowship.

George Lane, the noted rancher, stopped in Lomond last night on his way to Bassano. He reports that wheat cutting along the MacLeod-Calgary line will not start for ten days yet but he considers the sample of grain in Southern Alberta this year to be the best in thirty years.

LOCALETS

The latest thing in brooches for women are shivaree safety pins.

Preston Mills of Majorville was in Lomond on Wednesday.

Knute Parsons is back from his little trip to Calgary.

Bobbie Moir has had his domicile quarters in the A. P. elevator made waterproof.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bowers and Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Swain are taking in the Lethbridge Stampede.

H. A. Benson unloaded a belated car of Massey-Harris binders on Wednesday morning and is speedily making delivery of same.

The Imperial Oil Co. will erect a warehouse and shipping station at Lomond this fall, using this point as a distributing station along this line.

If you get your Press early this week it will done to the good graces of Stanley Trew, of the Lethbridge Herald, who is holidaying in the district.

The new manager of the Lomond Press is scheduled to arrive tomorrow and the chances are you will receive your publication on time from this date forward.

History repeats itself sometimes with remarkable rapidity. Old Man Harris of the Travers Times played himself out. He assigned to a printing plant in Calgary which found a good many of the accounts assigned already collected. The Travers paper is still being published by this firm under the new name of The Travers Weekly, and needless to say, they are a little more particular about their phraseology.

Fruits!

The Pioneer Store will as usual look after your preserving fruit requirements this season. Come in and leave your order for delivery in season. We also have a good stock of glass sealers.

The Pioneer Store

A. PARKER, Prop.

Delaney & Armstrong

Dray and Transfer in Connection.
We Move Pianos Without a Scratch.

We Carry a Full Line of
High Grade Farm Machinery

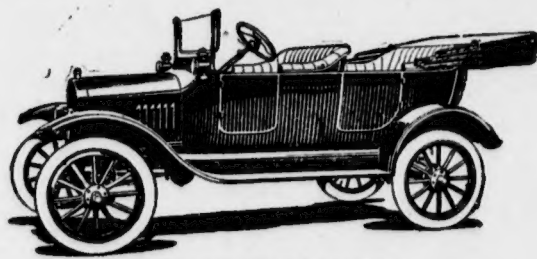
Labor Saving Devices

The farm is one place where labor saving devices should be provided. Have you a gasoline engine or a windmill on your pump? Have you a cream separator? Or do you walk behind your drag harrows? You increase your happiness and lengthen your days by taking advantage of the numerous conveniences man has devised---and we sell most of them and at reasonable prices. :: :: :: :: ::

Blacksmith Coal

"LALLEY" ELECTRIC LIGHTING SYSTEMS.
FULL LINE I.H.C. FARM MACHINERY
IMPERIAL OIL CO'S. FUEL OILS, GREASES, ETC.
"BULL DOG" FANNING MILLS
DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS

Smith & Moran



"MADE IN CANADA"

The 1917 Ford Touring Car

\$555.00

At my Garage in Lomond.

Dollars and Cents

Economy is the cry of the government.
Eliminate waste and luxury.

This is where the Ford steps in. It has proven to be the car with the lowest cost of upkeep for the greatest amount of real service rendered. To the great majority of farmers in this country a Ford is a real necessity. It eliminates the distance from machinery repairs, from the services of a doctor, from school, from the necessary forms of educational amusement.

But, when you get into the high priced heavy car you run into luxury--because they cannot compete.

W. A. TESKEY LOMOND.

Inside the Lines

By EARL DERR BIGGERS
AND
ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE

Copyright, 1915, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

SYNOPSIS

Just previous to the outbreak of the European war Jane Gerson, buyer for a New York house, meets a Captain Woodhouse in a train for Paris. He tells her he is en route for Egypt.

Louisa, a spy, meets Billy Capper, another spy, in Berlin. She promises him a job and a number with the Wilhelmstrasse. Then Woodhouse meets Louisa and is observed by some American tourists, Henry Sherman and family.

Woodhouse (the name is assumed) is in a plot with Louisa to impersonate an English officer of that name, who is to be transferred from Wady Halfa to take charge of the signal tower at Gibraltar. Woodhouse, by agreement, purloins Capper's Wilhelmstrasse number.

Woodhouse proceeds to Alexandria and in Ramleh seeks Dr. Koch, a German spy. He shows him the number. Capper appears and makes trouble.

Woodhouse allays Koch's suspicions. Capper secretes himself in a neighboring garden and spies on Dr. Koch. Capper sees the real Woodhouse borne out unconscious from Dr. Koch's house and follows the pseudo Woodhouse to Gibraltar. The latter stops overnight with Joseph Almer, proprietor of the Hotel Splendide, and a German spy. Louisa is at Gibraltar in disguise.

Henry Sherman and family are stopping at the Splendide. Suddenly Jane Gerson appears, having with difficulty left Paris. All await a boat.

CHAPTER VIII. Chaff of War.

DINNER that evening in the faded dining room of the Hotel Splendide was in the way of being a doleful affair for the folk from Kewanee, aside from Captain Woodhouse, the only persons at table there. Woodhouse, true to the continental tradition of exclusiveness, had isolated himself against possible approach by sitting at the table farthest from the Shermans. His back presented an uncompromising denial of fraternity. As for Mrs. Sherman, the afternoon's visit to the lazaret had been anything but a solace, emphasizing, as it did, their grievous poverty in the midst of a plenty contemptuous of a mere letter of credit. Henry J. was wallowing in the lowest depths of nostalgia. He tortured himself with the reflection that this was lodge night in Kewanee and he would not be sitting in his chair. Miss Kitty contemplated with melancholy the distress of her parents.

A tall, slender youth with tired eyes and affecting the blasé slouch of the boulevards appeared in the door and cast about for a choice of tables. Him Mr. Sherman impaled with a glance of disapproval which suddenly changed to wondering recognition. He dropped his fork and jumped to his feet.

"Bless me, mother, if it isn't Willy Kimball from old Kewanee!" Sherman waved his napkin at the young man, summoning him in the name of Kewanee to come and meet the home folks. The tired eyes lighted perceptibly and a lukewarm smile played about Mr. Kimball's effeminate mouth as he stepped up to the table.

"Why, Mrs. Sherman—and Kitty! And you, Mr. Sherman—charmed!" He accepted the proffered seat by the side of Kitty, receiving their hearty hails with languid politeness. With the sureness of English restraint Mr. Willy Kimball seemed to become excited. He was of the type of exotic Americans who try to forget grandpa's corn-fed hogs and grandma's hand churned

butter. His speech was of rotten row and his clothes Piccadilly.

"Terrible business this!" The youth fluttered his hands feebly. "All this harrying about and peeping at passports by every silly officer one meets. I'm afraid I'll have to go over to America until it's all over—on my way now, in fact."

"Afraid!" Sherman sniffed loudly and appraised Mr. Kimball's tailoring with a disapproving eye. "Well, Willy, it would be too bad if you had to go back to Kewanee after your many years in Paris. Now, wouldn't it?"

Kimball turned to the women for sympathy. "Reserved a compartment to come down from Paris. Beastly treatment. Held up at every city; other people crowded in my apartment, though I'd paid to have it alone, of course; soldier chap comes along and seizes my valet and makes him join the colors and all that sort—"

"Hub! Your father managed to worry along without a val-lay, and he was respected in Kewanee." This in disgust from Henry J.

Kitty flashed a reproving glance at her father and deftly turned the expatriate into a recounting of his adventures. Under her unaffected lead the youth, who shuddered inwardly at the appellation of "Willy," thawed considerably, and soon there was an animated swapping of reminiscences of the great terror—hours on end before the banks and express offices, dodging of police impositions, scrambling for steamer accommodations—all that went to compose the refugee Americans' great epic of August, 1914.

Sherman took pride in his superior adventures: "Five times arrested between Berlin and Gibraltar, and what I said to that Dutchman on the Swiss frontier was enough to make his hair curl."

"Tell you what, Willy: you come on back to Kewanee with us and mother and you'll lecture before the Thursday Afternoon Ladies' Literary club," Sherman boomed, with a hearty blow of the hand between Willy's shoulder blades. "I'll have Ed Porter announce it in advance in the Daily Enterprise, and we'll have the whole town there to listen. 'Ezra Kimball's Boy Tells Thrilling Tale of War's Alarms'—that's the way the headlines'll read in the Enterprise next week."

The expatriate shivered and tried to smile.

"We'll let mother do the lecturing," Kitty came to his rescue. "How to Live in Europe on a Letter of Discredit"—that will have all the gossips of Kewanee buzzing, mother."

The meal drew to a close happily in contrast to its beginning. Mrs. Sherman and her daughter rose to pass out into the reception room. Sherman and Kimball lingered.

"Ah-h, Willy!"

"Mr. Sherman—"

Both began in unison, each somewhat furtive and shamefaced.

"Have you any money?" The queries were voiced as one. For an instant confusion; then the older man looked up into the younger's face—a bit flushed it was—and guffawed.

"Not a postage stamp, Willy! I guess we're both beggars, and if mother and Kitty didn't have five trunks between them this Swiss holdup man who says he's proprietor of this way station hotel wouldn't trust us for a fried egg."

"Same here," admitted Kimball.

"I'm badly bent."

"They can't keep us down—us Americans!" Sherman cheered, taking the youth's arm and piloting him out into the reception room. "We'll find a way out if we have to cable for a warship to come and get us."

Just as Sherman and Kimball emerged from the dining room there was a diversion out beyond the glass doors on Waterport street. A small cart drew up. From its seat jumped a young woman in a duster and with a heavy automobile veil swathed under her chin. To the right porter who

had bounded out to the street she gave directions for the removal from the cart of her baggage, two heavy suit cases and two ponderous osier baskets. These latter she was particularly tender of, following them into the hotel's reception room and directing where they should be put before the desk.

The newcomer was Jane Gerson, Hildebrand's buyer, at the end of a motor flight from Paris. In the French capital she had managed after considerable difficulty to have an interview with the American ambassador and his wife. The latter was completely won by Jane's story of her anxiety to get herself and her gowns quickly back to New York. It was the ambassador's wife who suggested her going to Gibraltar and who arranged the necessary details of the trip for her. Cool, capable, self-reliant as on the night she saw the bastions of the capital's outer forts fade under the white spikes of the searchlights, Jane strode up to the desk to face the smiling Almer.

"Is this a fortress or a hotel?" she challenged.

"A hotel, lady, a hotel," Almer purred. "A nice room—yes. Will the lady be with us long?"

"Heaven forbid! The lady is going to be on the first ship leaving for New York. And if there are no ships I'll look over the stock of coal barges you have in your harbor." She seized a pen and dashed her signature on the register. The Shermans had pricked up their ears at the newcomer's first words. Now Henry J. pressed forward, his face glowing welcome.

"An American—a simon pure citizen of the United States! I thought so. Welcome to the little old Rock!" He took both the girl's hands impulsively and pumped them. Mrs. Sherman, Kitty and Willy Kimball crowded around, and the clatter of voices was instantaneous: "By auto from Paris Goodness me!" "Not a thing to eat for three days but rye bread!" "From Strassburg to Lunerville in a farmer's wagon!" Each in a whirlwind of ejaculation tried to outdo the other's story of hardship and privation.

The front doors opened again, and the sergeant and guard who had earlier carried off Fritz, the barber, entered. Again gun butts thumped ominously. Jane looked over her shoulder at the khaki-coated men and confided to the Shermans:

"I think that man's been following me ever since I landed from the ferry."

"I have," answered the sergeant, stepping briskly forward and saluting. "You are a stranger on the Rock. You come here from?"

"From Paris by motor to the town across the bay, then over here on the ferry," the girl answered promptly.

"What about it?"

"Your name?"

"Jane Gerson. Yes, yes, it sounds German, I know. But that's not my fault. I'm an American—a red-hot American, too, for the last two weeks."

The sergeant's face was wooden.

"Where are you going?"

"To New York on the Saxonia just as soon as I can. And the British army can't stop me."

"Indeed!" The sergeant permitted himself a fleeting smile. "From Paris by motor, eh? Your passports, please."

"I haven't any," Jane retorted, with a shade of defiance. "They were taken from me in Spain, just over the French border, and were not returned."

The sergeant raised his eyebrows in surprise not unmixed with irony. He pointed to the two big osier baskets, demanding to know what they contained.

"Gowns—the last gowns made in Paris before the crash, fashion's last gasp. I am a buyer of gowns for Hildebrand's store in New York."

Ecstatic gurgles of pleasure from Mrs. Sherman and her daughter greeted this announcement. They pressed about the baskets and regarded them

lovingly.

The sergeant pushed them away and tried to throw back the covers.

"Open your baggage—all of it!" he commanded snappishly.

Jane, explaining over her shoulder to the women, stooped to fumble with the hasps.

"Seventy of the darlinest gowns, the very last Paul Pierre and Racket and Gerth made before they closed



"Plans of what?" the sergeant glared.

shop and marched away with their regiments. You shall see every one of them."

"Hurry, please! My time's limited!" the sergeant barked.

"I should think it would be, you're so charming," Jane flung back over her shoulder, and she raised the tops of the baskets. The other women pushed forward with subdued coos.

The sergeant plunged his hand under a mass of colored fluffiness, groped for a minute and brought forth a long roll of heavy paper. With a fierce mien he began to unroll the bundle.

"And these?"

"Plans," Hildebrand's buyer answered.

"Plans of what?" The sergeant glared.

"Of gowns, silly! Here, you're looking at that one upside down! This way! Now, isn't that a perfect dear of an afternoon gown? See that lovely basque effect? Everything's moyen age this season, you know."

Jane, with a shrewd sidelong glance at the fustered sergeant, rattled on, bringing gown after gown from the baskets and displaying them to the chorus of smothered screams of delight from the feminine part of her audience. One she draped coquettishly from her shoulders and did an exaggerated step before the smoky mirror over the mantelpiece to note the effect.

"Isn't it too bad this soldier person isn't married, so he could appreciate these beauties?" She flicked a mischievous eye his way. "Of course he can't be married or he'd recognize the plan of a gown. Clean hands there, Mr. Sergeant, if you're going to touch

any of these dreams! Here, let me! Now look at that mousquetaire sleeve, the effect of the war—military, you know."

The sergeant was thoroughly angry by this time, and he forced the situation suddenly near tragedy. Under his fingers a delicate girdle crackled suspiciously.

"Here—your knife! Rip this open! There are papers of some sort hidden here." He started to pass the gown to one of his soldiers. Jane choked back a scream.

"No, no! That's crinoline, stupid! No papers!" She stretched forth her arms appealingly. The sergeant humo-

ed his shoulders and put out his hand to take the opened clasp knife.

A plump, doll faced woman who possessed an afterglow of prettiness and a bustling, nervous manner, founced through the doors at this juncture and burst suddenly into the midst of the group caught in the imminence of disaster.

"What's this, what's this?" She caught sight of the filmy creation draped from the sergeant's arm. "Oh, the beauty!" This in a whisper of admiration.

"The last one made by Gerth," Jane was quick to explain, noting the sergeant's confusion in the presence of the stranger, "and this officer is going to rip it open in a search for concealed papers. He takes me for a spy."

Surprised blue eyes were turned from Jane to the sergeant. The latter shamefacedly tried to slip the open knife into his blouse, mumbling an excuse. The blue eyes bored him through.

"I call that very stupid, sergeant," reproved the angel of rescue. Then to Jane:

"Where are you taking all these wonderful gowns?"

"To New York. I'm buyer for Hil-debrand's and"—

"But, Lady Crandall, this young woman has no passports—nothing," the sergeant interposed. "My duty!"

"Bother your duty! Don't you know a Gerth gown when you see it? Now go away! I'll be responsible for this young woman from now on. Tell your commanding officer Lady Crandall has taken your duty out of your hands." She finished with a quiet assurance and turned to gloat once more over the gowns. The sergeant led his command away with evident relief.

Lady Crandall turned to include all the refugees in a general introduction of herself.

"I am Lady Crandall, the wife of the governor general of Gibraltar," she said, with a warming smile. "I just came down to see what I could do for you poor stranded Americans. In these times"—

"An American yourself, I'll gamble on it!" Sherman pushed his way between the littered baskets and seized Lady Crandall's hands. "Knew it by the cut of your jib—and—your way of doing things. I'm Henry J. Sherman, from Kewanee, Illinois—my wife and daughter Kitty."

"And I'm from Iowa—the red hills of ole Ioway," the governor's wife chimed, with an orator's flourish of the hands. "Welcome to the Rock, home folks!"

Hands all around and an impromptu old home week right then and there. Lady Crandall's attention could not be long away from the gowns, however. She turned back to them eagerly. With Jane Gerson as her aid, she passed them in rapturous review, Mrs. Sherman and Kitty playing an enthusiastic chorus.

LOST

A 30x3 1/2 auto tire fully inflated somewhere between Lomond and Armada. Suitable reward will be paid when same is left at The Press Office.

Letters from J. L. Haight

(Continued from Page 1)

clouds are no longer black as when viewed from below but are a beautiful pure silvery color, and form a boundless ocean with a new horizon. The old saying that every cloud has a silver lining is correct as I can vouch.

The only news item which is real new is that I have graduated and will receive permission to wear my wings in a few days. Also I am to be transferred to a scout squadron for sure now I am feeling quite good about it as it is only their best men who are chosen. It is a sign to me that I have been flying Sopwith lately and have got along well, they are very easy to handle in the air but are much faster, different to land, and take off than Avros. When I go to a scout squadron I will be on "Sopwith Pups" a single seater with a speed of 100 to 110 miles per hour. These are very nice machines to fly.

Today is the jubilee of our nation, Canada, and I feel proud when I think how much Canada has sacrificed in order to do her share in the cause of freedom for Europe particularly and mankind generally from the cause of war. What other motive than this could induce her to join. Who can say that she came in for territory, treasure, military glory or any of the aims which Germany claims against Britain. German writers and statesmen ask themselves this question in rage and astonishment? What motives have lead Canada and Australia into this conflict? What have they to gain? They knew right well that both colonies were free and under no obligation of British Domination and they also know that even if victory comes our way there is no prize that can compensate us for the sacrifices of the struggle. We are also under no delusion in this respect. This war to Canada is a disaster even if sweeping victory be gained, yet knowing this the Canadian people have made the sacrifice and are freely giving their best, that right may triumph. By the way I came in contact with a number of German prisoners both here and at Netheravon and I must say that they are being well looked after. They all look healthy and decently clad and invariably have a smile of content on their faces. Indeed we have a saying here in camp when any fellow is gloomy, "Go have a smile with Fritz." I have spoken with some of them and they are glad they are in England away from the war. One chap told me that he was going to Canada after the war and was going to send for his wife and daughter who lives near Berlin if he could make enough money. He seems to regard Canada as a heaven where one can live free from danger physical and mental and it would be for him too; after what he has come through in Germany and on the western front. I asked him how he was treated he replied "Better than I have ever been since being called out in 1914 to the Belgium frontier." There are quite a number of them here and they are employed at improving roads, drainage systems, buildings, etc., about the Aerodrome and pursue their tasks in quite a leisurely manner. In the south of England 7000 are employed on the land and they are allowed considerable freedom and one rarely hears of an attempt to escape. Many of them can speak English quite well already.



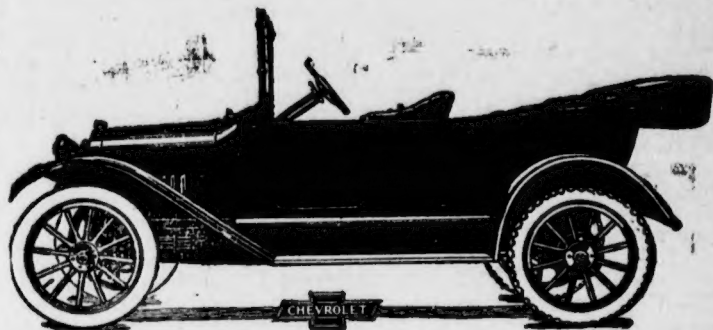
ASSOCIATED FARMERS
Limited
Lomond, Alberta

We Sell

J. I. CASE
Oil, Gas and
Steam
Engines, and
Threshing Machines

SMITH & MORAN
LOMOND

Press Want Ads Bring Results



"Chevrolets"

Model "A" 490 - \$825.00

One Man Top, De-Mountable Rims,
Tire Carrier, Robe Rail and Foot
Rail, Door Pockets, Yacht Line
Body Painted Chevrolet Green.

Baby Grand - \$1325.00

Chevrolet Eight - \$1875.00

There is a "Chevrolet" to meet the demand of every buyer—from the serviceable "490" to the luxuriously designed "Chevrolet Eight".

SEE THE NEW "DODGE"

Now on Display

A Couple of Good Second Hand Cars for Sale.

Sawyer-Massey Threshing
Machinery.

Waterloo Separators.

Gould-Shapely & Muir Pumping
Engines and Windmills.

J. A. BOWERS

LOMOND, - ALBERTA

HUGHES' DRUG STORE

For Reliable Service

We carry a big range of Veterinary Remedies and Poultry Foods. Get your Water Glass now for preserving eggs. Choice CHOCOLATES, fine STATIONERY, BASE BALL SUPPLIES. Agent for KODAKS and FILMS; COLUMBIA GRAFONOLAS and RECORDS. Your Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully filled.

R. H. Hughes

CHEMIST

DRUGGIST

LOMOND DISTRICT

Wheat cutting is practically general a few have finished while others will be done in a few days.

Ira Donily's outfit was fortunate to strike a good stream of water on Billy Bensen's place. A pump has been installed and the supply of water seems to be abundant.

Hays Smith's ploughing outfit has resumed ploughing on Bob Thompson's place.

Mr. Bell has received his separator to be used on his own farm.

Harvesters cannot be had from town there will be a great demand for help this year.

Ed. Bannan's watermelons are looking fine. The nights are nice and dark Ed.

A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love-powder. The mystery-woman told her:

"Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two, and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast in on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it."

The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

LOCALETS

The electric light plant is now being installed in the bank building and practically all interior work is completed. Two other electric light plants are being installed here at W. A. Teskey's Garage and E. G. Haley's residence.

A few of the harvest hands that came to Lomond appeared to be from the I. W. W. class. No amount of money could induce them to leave the front of Jang's restaurant till they were flat broke.

Lomond came in for hearty cheers at a Chautauqua program in Vulcan one day last week when the management was sorting out the crowd and found so heavy a representative from this town and district. If Lomond could induce the railway company to provide some kind of decent accommodation we might get the benefit of some of this class of entertainment closer home, without the necessity of travelling twenty-five and thirty miles across country.

Wins D. C. M.

The following is the nephew of Mrs. B. King, of Badger Lake appeared in the Aylmer, Ont., Express.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ball of Mt. Salem, who in June, 1915, was presented with the Distinguished Conduct Medal, by King George, for conspicuous bravery on the field. For this occasion he was given 10 days leave of absence, the only holiday he has ever had in two years of service in the trenches. Pte. Ball enlisted on Nov. 17th, 1914, at Roblin, Man., with the Canadian Mounted Rifles. He was transferred to Brandon to train in June, 1915, and went overseas shortly after. Here he was transferred to the First Can. Mountain Rifles and later trained at Shorncliffe with the 2nd Can. Contingent Infantry Brigade. On Sept. 18, 1915, he was on the firing line on the western front, where he has been continuously in the fight, with the exception of the 10 days' leave mentioned above. He has never been wounded nor sick a day, and has been through all of the big battles engaged in by the Canadians, the latest being at Vimy Ridge. Pte. Ball drilled with 2,000 men, and in his last letter home he stated that only 7 were left out of the 2,000, and he is one of the seven. He was presented with the Distinguished Conduct Medal by King George on Christmas day, 1916, for bravery at the battle of Ypres. He is at present with the Canadian Signalling Corps on the western front.

Bow City Coal Mine!

Plenty of Coal Ready - Plenty of Miners
No Delay in Loading Teams.
\$4.00 Per Ton

THE PRAIRIE COAL COMPANY, LTD.

Eyremore P. O.



THE STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

This Bank offers every facility in the conduct of accounts, of manufacturers, farmers and merchants.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at every Branch. 235

LOMOND BRANCH

L. M. SWAIN,

Manager.

The Central Garage

LOMOND

FREE AIR

A Complete and up-to-date line of Accessories and Tires. The new No Glare Headlights.
Expert repairman on all makes of cars.

Vulcan Stage!

Return Trip Made Every Wednesday and Saturday.

Charters & Travis

PROPRIETORS

The modern farm requires expensive buildings. In a few years these rapidly deteriorate unless protected by good paint.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

PAINTS AND VARNISHES FOR FARM USE

No farm owner can afford to leave his farm buildings unpainted. When new they appear to stand the weather alright, but surely and gradually the lumber begins to crack and check, decay starts, and before you realize it you have a leaky, draughty barn, and expensive repairs are necessary.

The regular use of paint means a small outlay occasionally, but it keeps your buildings as good as new.

S-W Barn Red is a special paint for painting farm buildings. It is economical in price and it gives good service. It is one of the full line of Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes which we carry in stock.

Associated Farmers

... Limited ...
Lomond, Alberta



.. LOCALETS ..

Delaney & Armstrong sent out their last binder last week, making a clean-up of this season's importation.

A few of the nimrod fraternity are talking shot gun and rifle and duck shooting.

Mr. Harvey, organizer for the non-partizan league is working out from Lomond.

Delaney and Armstrong are advertising a sale of horses to take place at Cochran's barn on Saturday, Sept. 1st.

Three new threshing machines were brought to Lomond on Tuesday night's train, two being for the Smith and Moran agency and one for J. A. Bowers.

F. Wilson and Miss Ada Farrel motored to Calgary on Sunday to call on Mrs. Farrel who is convalescent in the Calgary Hospital.

More heavy rains have been received by this district the heaviest one being on Monday afternoon when everything was thoroughly drenched. The storm came from the north west and apparently did not hit the Vulcan territory.

Mr. and Mrs. Teskey motored to Calgary over Sunday, packing up their furniture there and having same shipped to Lomond. They brought home Willie, after his summer vacation spent with his grandparents at Okotoks.

Restaurant

Jang How, Prop.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Soft Drinks Temperance Beer,
Confectionery, Cigars and Tobacco

Mckee & Cant

Contractors and Builders

Lomond, Alberta

Let us figure on that house or barn you are going to build. Prices moderate and first-class work is Guaranteed.

You Tractor Men

Buy Your Gasolene
and Kerosene
from

W. A. Teskey
Lomond

The H. & H. Feed and Sales Stables

When in Lomond
leave your team at
the Farmers Feed
Barn.

BOW CITY COAL AND
TIMOTHY HAY FOR
SALE

Holo & Hedges
Lomond, Alberta

HERBERT J. MABER
SOLICITOR AND
BARRISTER

VULCAN ALBERTA

Phillips & Munro

Everything in Hardware. Oils, Paints,
and Glasses. Hot air, hot water
and Steam Heating.
Furniture and Undertaking.

Real Estate, Insurance and Conveyancing Auctioneers and Valuers

:: Money to Loan on Improved Farm Property ::

The Lomond Realty Co.

H. E. ELVES

L. M. SWAIN

Ladies' Apparel

We endeavor to cater to the women of Lomond by keeping before them the new styles and designs as they are originated by the leading manufacturers of the land. Come and make your own personal selection.

Headquarters

for

Dry Goods, Groceries,
Boots, Shoes and Clothing

"Art" and "Fit-Reform" Tailored Clothes for Men.

Marshall & Wilson

"THE STORE of QUALITY"

Lomond, Alberta